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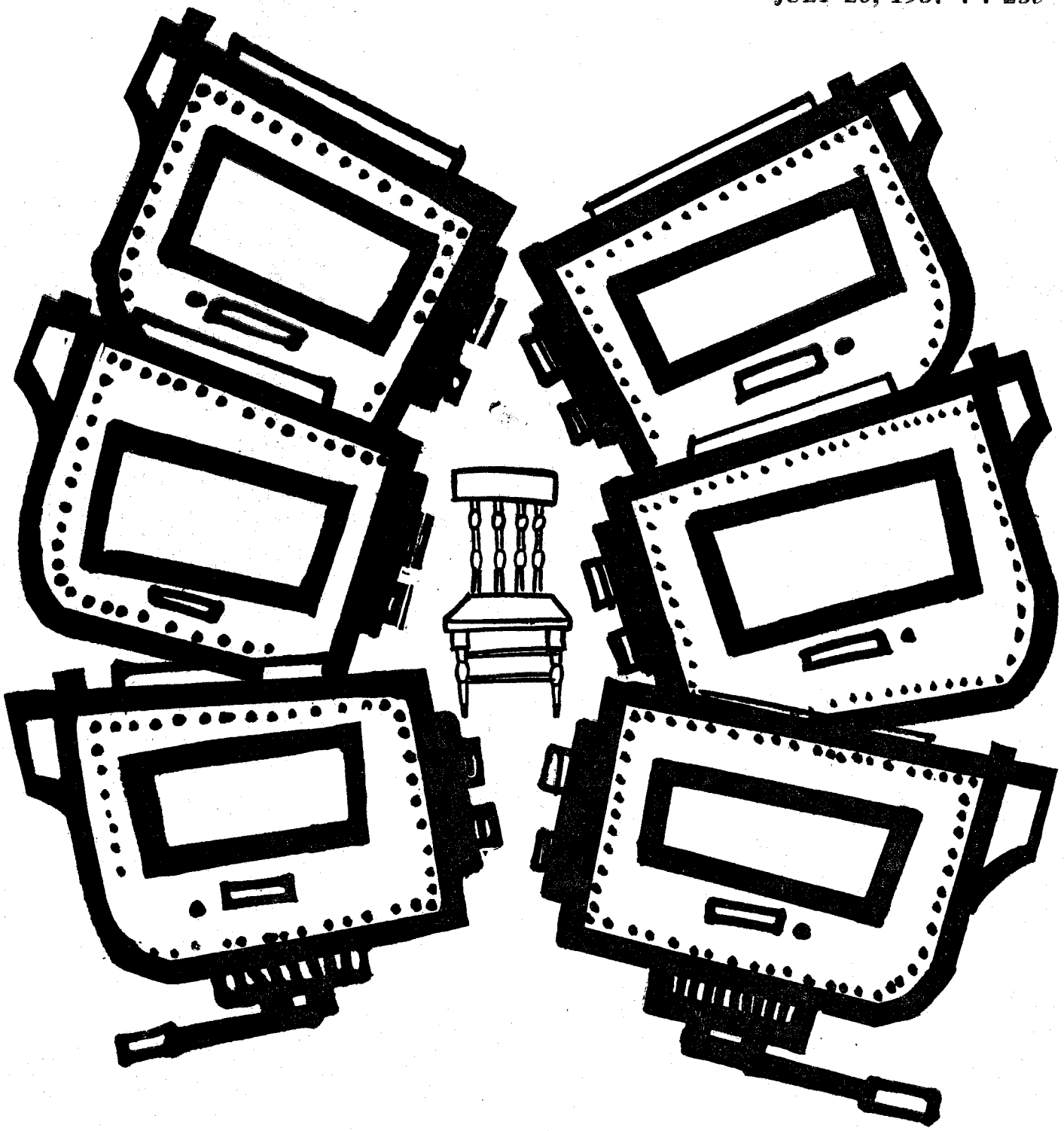

THE BANKRUPT INQUISITION . . *by Laurent B. Frantz*

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LETTER FROM TUNISIA

Eleanor G. Knight

Tunis

CLOSE TO MIDNIGHT on June 1, the President of France was routed out to deliver an unprecedented radio appeal "to the civilized world"—so headlined in *Le Monde*—on behalf of the victims of the massacre of Melouza in Algeria. The civilized world responded at once. From London to San Francisco, newspapers dutifully picked up the official French story of 302 male inhabitants of Melouza slaughtered by Arab rebels on the night of May 28—"the worst butchery of its kind," etc.

It is now well into July and the "civilized world" has practically forgotten Melouza. Nobody thought to ask at the time why President Coty waited four days—from May 28 to June 1—to take to the airwaves, or why even the daily press of Algiers delayed printing the story for the same four days. Nevertheless, it is an interesting question.

A month earlier, a Paris weekly had published a letter from a French soldier describing another Algerian village after a French patrol had completed a mop-up. "The village no longer exists," he wrote. "It is nothing but a brazier, and the valley is a cemetery. One cannot take a hundred steps without running into a body hanging or a corpse on the ground. The huts are burning. No prisoners—they were all killed." There was no national hook-up to grieve over this village. Instead, the French Government confiscated the paper that printed the story and the "civilized world" wrote no headlines and no editorials.

Melouza is an illustration of how the war is fought in the press. The event in question took place at a hamlet called La Kasba, not far from Melouza. Nobody from the "civilized world" has yet been there. All that we know of it is what the official communiques say. After nine days, European, American and Tunisian correspondents were conducted by helicopter only as far as Ain-Hamian, three miles from La Kasba (one mile as the crow flies). There they were wined, dined and then briefed by French officers. A French lieutenant outlined the official story: men from the surrounding villages had been collected in La Kasba on the morning of May 28 by a band of about a hundred "rebels." They were kept there all day and slaughtered between 8 and 10 *o'clock that night. The rebels* then departed.

According to the lieutenant, excited villagers had reported impending tragedy to a French captain some hours before the massacre actually took place. At the time the captain was about fifteen miles away; he at once alerted his headquarters at Bordj Bou Arreridj, sixty miles north. A reconnaissance plane also had reported seeing unusual activity at La Kasba. As night fell, the lieutenant saw a village burning—but it was raining, he couldn't find a road that his jeep could negotiate, and he didn't want "to risk his men" to investigate.

THE NEXT morning, May 29, women and children began coming in from La Kasba with the story that everyone had been killed. The lieutenant still did not send a patrol, again because he did not want to risk his men. He did allow a group of Arabs to go, and they returned at two in the afternoon with wounded. There was nobody left alive at La Kasba, according to the official report. Not until Thursday morning, May 30—thirty-six hours after the presumed massacre—did French soldiers go to "discover" it. By that time, the lieutenant told newsmen, the dead had been buried. One report said there had been about a hundred bodies, but the official communique picked on the number 302.

Three French officers each gave the correspondents their explanations of the event. The lieutenant's version: a fight between two rebel factions, the F.L.N. *(Force de Libération Nationale)* and the M.N.A. *(Mouvement National Algérien)*. The captain's version: the tribes in the area were beginning to come over to the French side, and the rebels resented this. The colonel's

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ELEANOR G. KNIGHT, long a resident of North Africa, is the translator of Pierre Parent's The Truth About Morocco *and the author of many magazine articles about the region.*

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Senator Kennedy's Resolution

It would be difficult to say which official reaction, the French or the American, to Senator John F. Kennedy's speech on Algeria makes less sense. In Washington, Mr. Dulles suggested that we must not judge the French too harshly, that Algeria is an "internal" problem, and (here he borrowed a phrase from the Dixiecrats) that we must avoid "overt interposition." In Algeria, Minister Robert Lacoste dismissed Senator Kennedy's proposal as the handiwork of a badly informed young politician who is the spokesman for "old maids and Quakers." In point of fact, Algeria is very much an international problem, made so by the French themselves; only a few weeks back President Coty appealed to "the civilized world" for assistance in solving it (see Eleanor Knight's article on the opposite page). If Algeria is merely an "internal" problem, then what are four NATO divisions doing there? As to "overt interposition," unfortunately it has already occurred, and on a massive scale, for it is admitted that the French are using American-supplied arms despite an agreement that such weapons would be used only in defense of the NATO area.

The real point of Senator Kennedy's proposal is that France needs help. "The truth is," as the London *Observer* pointed out on May 26, "that the Algeria situation has by now become a cancer on the body politic of France: unless it is operated, France will die of it." The time has come, therefore, for France's friends and allies to join with those inside France who seek a settlement through negotiation. Evidence that this sentiment is now growing even in conservative circles may be found in Raymond Aron's new book attacking the myth that without Algeria France would be nothing. It will be said that Senator Kennedy's proposal will only make it more difficult for reason to prevail in France, yet the hopeless muddle that the French have made of the Algerian issue suggests that a little "overt interposition," in a political sense, might be helpful. The "pacification" campaign has not intimidated the Arab Nationalists, but it is rapidly sapping the wealth, spirit and morale of the French. In a book just published in France under the title *Socialism Betrayed*, a former Socialist Minister, André Philip, has posed the danger of non-intervention (we quote from the *Observer's* translation):

> We are already in a pre-Fascist atmosphere when anything is possible; the country might be delivered at any moment to a man who could offer a clear program giving an impression of energy and knowing how to mobilize the latent anti-Parliamentarianism of the masses. The trouble is that such a team, without principles or scruples, capable of carrying on such an operation, is forming itself already in Algeria. The military and political administrators who have for months acquired the habit of suspending freedom, arresting anyone in any conditions, using systematic torture to obtain information, would be ready to use the same methods in France.

Against this background of rising jingo nationalism and increasing emphasis on "discipline," "action" and "violence" (see Harvey Goldberg's review, p. 34), Senator Kennedy's proposal is timely and sensible: use the good offices of the Premier of Tunisia and the Sultan of Morocco or the NATO organization itself to reach a settlement or, failing this, place United States support behind a proposal at the United Nations in September to secure Algerian independence.

SUMMER SCHEDULE

As already announced, *The Nation* is appearing on alternate weeks during July and August. The next issue will be that of August 3.

The South Knows Better

Senator Richard Russell's speech on the civil-rights program is a striking example of how deep-seated bias can corrupt a first-rate mind. There is no occasion to protect the Negro's right to vote because "there are only a very few areas . . . today" where they are denied this right. (In Alabama alone there are only 53,336 registered Negro voters out of an eligible 516,245, and this is, by no means, the worst record.) The charge that Southern jurors "will not do their duty

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but will foreswear themselves where the rights of a Negro citizen are involved" is, we are told, entirely unsupported. (This is gentlemanly distortion, indeed, and in the grand manner. The listener is supposed to forget the trial of Emmet Till's murderers in Greenwood, Mississippi; the recent trials in Montgomery, Alabama, and similar trials of painful and recent memory.) Senator Russell would have the President conduct a national referendum on the civil-rights program, but he does not tell us just how Southern Negroes might participate. He sees the white South at the mercy of "federal bayonets," but it has been many years, now, since it was necessary to enforce court injunctions at the point of bayonets. The Senator's favorite verb is "commingle"; the verb he cannot bring himself to use is "discriminate."

Minor amendments to the civil-rights measure may be in order, but minor amendments would not meet Senator Russell's objections. His speech makes distressing reading, for he knows better. So, for that matter, does the South.

The Aircraft Lobby

The collapse of the more serious charges in the court-martial of Colonel John C. Nickerson has diverted attention from an important issue touched upon in his testimony. "The aircraft industry," the colonel told the court-martial panel, "has a lush operation in aircraft, but missiles are going up and may pass aircraft." In a word, the aircraft industry, which has been sustained throughout its history by government subsidy, could not afford to see missile production concentrated in other hands. From the moment it became apparent that missiles would be the big defense item, and that aircraft production might be cut back, the industry swung its powerful lobby and public-relations operation into action. As an Army field officer, Colonel Nickerson resented the fact that so many generals and colonels in the Pentagon were, as he said, making decisions favorable to the aircraft industry because they are looking forward to "cushy jobs" upon retirement.

In the wake of the Huntsville court-martial, the Aircraft Industries Association has moved swiftly to curtail the missile programs of the Army and the Navy ordnance bureaus, which conduct much of their development work through government arsenals and non-profit institutions, principally universities, and to concentrate these activities in the Air Force and the Navy Bureau of Aeronautics, both of which rely almost exclusively on private companies. By using arsenals and non-profit institutions, the Defense Department has some means of checking the costs and profits on development projects; once these yardsticks are abandoned, it has none. For example, if the Army's Jupiter missile is eventually placed in production, Chrysler is scheduled to be the prime contractor and the government could then compare its costs with those of the aircraft companies. But the issue has still another dimension. With missiles, development costs are far more important than in the production of aircraft; what the aircraft industry wants, therefore, is to control every phase of missile production beginning with blueprints. Given its record of brilliant victories in procurement battles and the fact that it is more powerfully entrenched in the Air Force than at any time in its history, the industry should win this latest skirmish hands down. One of these days, we predict, some ambitious Senator will make a national reputation by conducting a thorough investigation of the aircraft lobby. (See: One-Customer Industry, *The Nation*, August 11, 1956.)

The Future of Haiti

Dr. Camille Lherisson is a distinguished Haitian physician who served briefly with one of the early cabinets of ex-President Magloire. Here to attend a Pan-American Philosophical Congress at Gallaudet College, Washington, D.C., he called newsmen together for a briefing on what has been happening in his unhappy country. In general, he confirmed the facts as presented to *Nation* readers by Carleton Beals in our July 6 issue; indeed, he told the newsmen that Mr. Beals's article was the "only vivid account" he had seen in the American press. Repression by the governing *junta*, poverty, ignorance and the threat of national bankruptcy are the four horsemen riding Haiti today. Dr. Lherisson added terrifying detail to Mr. Beals's account of the night of June 15, when army units killed a thousand citizens in the slum areas of Port-au-Prince.

But Dr. Lherisson was not pessimistic. "I do not believe," he said, "that the people of Haiti will tolerate the ruling *junta* for more than a few months. We must and will have elections." And after elections, what? "We will need help in rebuilding our country," he said. "For this purpose I hope, before returning home, to get together a committee of distinguished Americans to advise us."

"You mean," a newsman interrupted incredulously at this point, "that you are not afraid to go home after telling us all this?"

"I did not say I was unafraid," Dr. Lherisson said gently. "All I said was that I will return home."

Gibson Girl, 1957

We wonder a little about the reaction of Congressional opponents of the civil-rights bill to Althea Gibson's recent victory at Wimbledon, and to the news photos of her receiving a plaque from the Queen of England

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and dancing with Australia's Lew Hoad. It is said of the lanky Negro girl that on the tennis court her major weakness is a tendency to foot-fault; in a larger sense, her footwork has been irreproachable, and her sense of timing perfect.

Aside from being the world's best woman tennis player, Miss Gibson is a Bachelor of Science and an instructor in physical education at Lincoln University, Jefferson, Missouri. Now that she has hobnobbed with royalty and with the "best people" all over the world in what is generally considered to be the most "refined" of sports, is it too much to hope that one day she will have the right to return to her home state of South Carolina—and vote?

BEHIND the MOSCOW PURGE . . *by Mark Gayn*

THERE IS an odd fascination to the game of Kremlin politics. Which leader will stab which one in the back? How will this be done, and with whose aid? What horrifying charges will the victor bring forth? And who will confess to what crimes?

The latest of Moscow's purges is kin to all the others which preceded it. It required careful preparation, but when the blow fell, it was delivered with Stalin's own finesse and suddenness. On June 3, *Pravda* carried a front-page photograph of Soviet leaders staring benignly at a lathe. Among the seven in the group were Malenkov, Molotov and Kaganovich. On June 5, *Pravda* again front-paged the news that M., M. and K.—as well as B. and K.—visited a new department store for children and attended a Tartar recital. This was the last mention of the deposed men I recall seeing in *Pravda* until July 4, when—five days late—it reported the downfall of the "anti-party group." Within the next seventy-two hours, the Soviet press carried little else but the resolutions of "warm approval" from party organizations in Moscow, Kiev, Donbass and Leningrad.

Foreign Communists hurried to present their compliments, the Chinese being the most laconic, the French the wordiest. And, at the same time, Malenkov was in effect accused of murder and Molotov of war-mongering.

All this stuff is as bizarre as it is readable. Unfortunately, however, it also serves to obscure the real significance of the Kremlin crisis. For what matters in this upheaval is not personalities, but the forces and problems which provoked it.

The material available at this point includes the two *Pravda* editorials of July 3, which gave the Russian reader his first hint of trouble; the purge resolution made public the next morning; the Leningrad speeches delivered on July 6; and the interview Khrushchev granted a Japanese editor on June 18 (unaccountably published only on June 30, or the day after Khrushchev's triumph). This material supports three main deductions.

FIRST, the purge was merely a phase of a vast and violent process —a revolution—that has been convulsing the Communist world for the past four years. One cannot isolate it from Khrushchev's memorable attack on Stalin sixteen months ago, from the upheaval in Poland and Hungary, or even from Mao Tse-tung's claim to theoretical primacy. Some of the turmoil can be traced back to the industrialization the Communists themselves have been pushing through, without realizing that neither their dogma, nor their party struggle, nor agriculture was keeping pace. They built huge industrial empires, but they did not foresee that the managers would want to manage, that the new skilled workers would demand TV sets and two-room apartments with private kitchens, and that no well-developed industry was possible without bread, fats and cotton from a well-developed agriculture. What share of the total investment should be put into consumer-goods and housing? Should the farmer be prodded to take his food to the cities with a knout or the ruble? Should the party bosses or the technicians make economic policy? Khrushchev and Malenkov may have detested each other, but their clash at the Kremlin last month revolved less around personal dislike than around the cruel problems besetting the Soviet Union.

Second, it is clear that the Kremlin debate ranged over the entire field of Soviet life—domestic issues, and relations with both the satellites and China (with the hint that Molotov favored a tougher attitude towards Mao), as well as with the West. The Central Committee session of June 22-29 must be regarded as one of the most fateful in Soviet history—on a par, perhaps, with the Stalin-Trotsky debate thirty-odd years ago. The USSR had reached the point where its leaders had to decide just where their former policies were taking them. Would the continued "tightening of the screw," allegedly favored by Molotov, produce disaster? Who would benefit by the continued friction with Yugoslavia? Could Russia continue to ignore Japan? Would not satellite Europe explode again unless a more liberal policy were formulated? What is to be the Kremlin's attitude to Mao's new doctrines, and the tendency of some satellites to play him off against Moscow? All of these questions were touched upon in the purge statements. In nearly every case, it appears, the test of a policy was whether it enhanced the threat of war.

Third, the purge statements betray an extraordinary preoccupation with pressure from below. It is as if

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the regional bosses coming to the Kremlin to depose M., M. and K. provided Khrushchev with a staggering catalog of popular fears and yearnings. "Fear not," the purge resolution assures the Russians. "Molotov, the screw-tightener is out, and the danger of war has receded." In 1955, Malenkov was denounced for his advocacy of a "gingham industrialization." Now, almost two years later, Khrushchev promises the people of Leningrad "more and prettier textile fabrics." The people are promised more housing, "a plentitude of goods." The peasants are allowed to sell in the free market the yield of their private gardens. The minorities are offered "broader rights" and "a flowering of national cultures." And so it goes. Has the industrialized society in the Soviet Union reached the point where its demands can no longer be ignored? Has it found a way to make these demands articulate? Has the party finally realized that its methods and machinery, which were serviceable in the twenties, are obsolete in the late fifties? Whatever the answer, the fact is that Khrushchev's society is a third of a fabulous century ahead of Stalin's. It is far more complex, stratified and literate; its moods are unpredictable and its desires well defined. The Russian man in the street may have been excluded from the Kremlin debate, but his shadow lies heavy on every purge pronouncement.

THE TURMOIL in the Red world is anything but ended. The forced industrialization of China and Eastern Europe alone presages continued strains. So does the incapacity of present Communist dogma to explain the stresses (Mao's "contradictions," which Khrushchev found so distasteful), or the puzzling durability of the capitalist system. So do the half measures, such as the attempt to meet the problem of industrial hugeness by breaking up a whole into 105 components, each dominated by a local party boss.

But the continued turmoil, I believe, can only strengthen Moscow's eagerness to relieve the strains at home and abroad. China is likely to be elevated to equal partnership. Peace will be reestablished with Tito. The satellites will probably see a relaxation of the rigid Soviet controls. Japan will receive overtures for expanded trade, a direct Moscow-Tokyo air line, and a peace treaty. Some dramatic move is likely on disarmament. And Moscow must ask for another meeting at the summit.

All this does not mean that the West will find Khrushchev tolerant or submissive; in his talk with the Japanese editor he still referred to the United States in savage tones. But the pressures on him are vast and relentless; they demand bold action soon. Thus, at long last, the West has an opportunity—if not to contain the Soviet Union, then at least to come to terms with it. It is not an opportunity that should be cast aside lightly.

NEWSSTAND STRIP-TEASE . . *by Milton Moskowitz*

NEW MAGAZINES are being launched today at a feverish pace. Publishing houses in New York, Chicago and Los Angeles are disgorging them at the rate of one every two weeks, burying newsstands under a sea of pictures and literature whose common denominator is sex—generally in full-color slick-paper. Not that the dealers are complaining; far from being puritans, they let their cash registers be their guides. These new magazines sell on exposure. Many carry a 50-cent price-tag (which means 10 cents to the dealer). There are no cut-rate home subscriptions to compete with the street sale. *Ergo*, these new contributions to our cultural life are getting prime positions at the point of sale.

Taking a census of the new magazines is not easy. Some are published at rather infrequent intervals. Others publish one or two issues and then fall by the wayside —and some of these are later revived, perhaps under a new title. Issue dates mean little. A magazine coming out this week is likely to be designated the "October" issue. This helps to give it a long life on the newsstand.

Here are some of the magazines which have been introduced in this country since 1954: *Revealed, Duke, Night World, High, Ho, After Hours, 21, Fling, Monsieur, Hollywood Confidential, TV Scandals, Behind the Scenes, Suppressed, Personal Psychology, Mr., Celebrities, Answer, Plowboy, Trump, Scamp, Rave, Sensational Exposes, Duel, Impact, Challenge for Men, True Men's Stories, Uncensored Confessions, Hunting Adventures, Casanova, Inside, Frauds, Inside Story, Cabaret, The Lowdown, Escapade, Exposed, Gay Blade, Good Humor, On the QT, Bachelor, Expose Detective, Adam, Rogue, Nugget, Tip-Off, Caper, Dude, Gent, Jem, Uncensored, Top Secret, Rage, Man's Illustrated, Men's Digest, Satan, Tiger, Relax, Ogle, Sh-H-H-H, Pleasure, Rugged, Hush-Hush, Battle Attack, Real Action, She, Hue, Bare, Pose, Pin-Up, Spick, Swagger, Span, Male Point, Tomcat, Dazzle, TNT, Humbug.*

And this imposing list is by no means all-inclusive. Has there ever been another three-year period in which seventy-five consumer magazines were born? The new publications can be divided broadly into three main groupings:

1. The Playkids. These are offshoots of *Playboy*, one of the most successful new magazines of the postwar period (circulation, 900,000; 1956 gross, $3,500,000) and the first mass-circulation magazine to come out of Chicago since *Esquire* (now removed to New York). In this

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group are *Cabaret, Caper, Gent, Nugget, Dude, Satan* and *Jem,* among others—all glossy 50-cent vehicles for what is euphemistically called "urban male entertainment." Their staple ingredient is pictures of models in states of undress. Cheek-by-jowl with the pictures is racy fiction, often culled from gay old dogs such as Boccaccio and Flaubert or from magazine pieces done twenty years ago by name writers such as Irwin Shaw and Jean-Paul Sartre. However, this type of material tends to decline as the magazine becomes more successful. *Playboy,* for one, uses very few reprints today and, as a matter of fact, has published some notable original fiction in recent numbers (see Henry Slesar's Victory Parade in the April issue). In their more pompous moments (when they are being interviewed by the *Wall Street Journal,* for example), the publishers lay claim to a sophistication that they allege is lacking in the older, well-established magazines. This may be nothing more than a pose, but it would not be untruthful to say that the Play-kids have in common an attitude best described as *off-beat irreverence,* a quality not easy to come by in the age of the packaged soul. John H. Holmes, who puts out *Gent* and *Dude,* told the *Wall Street Journal*: "These aren't family magazines. But everyone knows life doesn't go on as portrayed in the *Saturday Evening Post.*"

2. The Peeping-Toms. These are offshoots of *Confidential,* another success story of the post-war era (circulation, above 3,000,000). In this group are *Suppressed, Hush-Hush, Behind the Scenes, The Low-down* and *On the QT,* among others —all smirking, 25-cent journals devoted to the reporting of the bedroom escapades of your favorite movie star. Some sample story titles: The Night George Sanders Struck Out, When Lana Turner Shared A Lover with Ava Gardner, Why Ethel Barrymore Goes for Winston Churchill, Eartha Kitt and All Her White Boy Friends. Actually, with the exception of *Confidential,* these *exposé*-sheets rarely deal with original material. Their stories are rehashes of old newspaper accounts of divorce actions and police cases. The publishing formula is simple: A movie star is stopped for speeding; you line up some suggestive photographs of the star (these are readily available from studio publicity offices); you get a sharp rewrite man at the *Daily News* to go through the morgue file on the star and relate all of the Page 4 stories involving him (or her) over the past ten years; you write a jazzy, orgy-promising headline; and *presto,* you have an *exposé.*

3. The He-Man Adventures. These are offshoots of Jack London by way of *True-Argosy* and the old pulps. In this group—the weakest of the three—are *Rugged, Real Action, Duel, True Men's Stories* and *Man's Illustrated,* among others—25-cent packages of blood-and-thunder. Some sample story titles: China's Cut-throat Queen, Jungle on Fifth Avenue, The Man-Killing Monster of Honduras. Sex is usually sublimated here, although occasionally there is a juicy piece about a jungle goddess.

What's behind this spate of new magazines? Is the American male, after all these years, beginning to discover sex? Is the office girl weary of puffs for movie stars and hungry for the view from the bedroom? Are readers becoming more sophisticated? Do they want debunking instead of uplifting?

These are questions to raise if you take these magazines seriously. Many people don't. One publisher who will have no truck with any of these magazines told me: "Sex has always sold and always will. These magazines won't last. As soon as they become halfway successful, they start dropping some of the blatant sex, trying to tone up the book to attract advertisers. And what happens? As the sex disappears, so does the circulation. It's only the sex that is selling."

An editor of one of the Peeping-Toms offered me another theory. "We're the muckrakers of our times," he said. "People are tired of the pap and phoniness they are

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fed in many magazines, papers and television. They want to see public figures exposed. Sure, I know we're not doing anything socially constructive as the old muckrakers did. But times are good. This is the form of protest literature in prosperity." (Shades of Lincoln Steffens!)

In the publishing industry, these magazines are being watched (even as they are scorned). It is interesting to note that this torrent of new magazines occurs at a time when the major publishing houses have seemingly run out of ideas for new periodicals. In the past ten years the multi-magazine publishers have been more engaged in folding properties than starting new ones. It should not be forgotten, however, that our leading consumer magazines have not stood still. Look at some 1939 issues of the *Saturday Evening Post, Look, Life* or *McCall's* and compare them with current issues. You will see quite a difference, the change being in the direction of greater sophistication.

Magazines, they say, mirror the times. If so, what portion of our times is illuminated or reflected by the Playkids, Peeping-Toms and He-Man Adventures? They will, no doubt, provide future historians with interesting food for thought.

THE BANKRUPT INQUISITION . . *by Laurent B. Frantz*

A CUMULATIVE series of disasters has pursued the Congressional inquisitorial committees. Their troubles may be said to have started when two Senate committees, Jenner's (now Eastland's), and McCarthy's, began horning in on the elder House Committee on Un-American Activities. Then the junior Senator from Wisconsin gave the whole procedure a bad name by making its motivation and methodology a little too visible. His consequent downfall also hurt both his competitors, since it relaxed in some degree the tensions they had to exploit and, at the same time, called attention to the fact that the political inquisitor is not necessarily omnipotent or invulnerable.

All this was but the prelude to a much deeper catastrophe, far more difficult to retrieve: the collapse of the Communist Party, U.S.A., following the Khrushchev report and the massacre at Budapest. The committees were confronted with the specter of technological unemployment. For maximum chances of survival in a changing world, they should have dug up a new menace. Instead, they tried to brazen it out with communiques insisting that the Communists are stronger and more threatening than ever. But the job of keeping people afraid of a movement as small and as completely isolated as the Communist Party has now become in this country, is not an enviable one. The supply of unused Communists is so depleted that the committees have had to dig deeply into the '30s and '40s to find enough material to keep the show on the road.

Now, in its weakened condition, the political inquisition has received a blow from which it may never fully recover. The Supreme Court, in the Watkins and Sweezy cases, declared that the procedures the inquisitors have been pursuing for years have been illegal all along. And it made unmistakably clear—although it did not strictly hold—that the very concept, purpose and *raison d'être* of the political inquiry committees are in violation of the constitutional rights of citizens.

THE new decisions establish propositions which strike to the heart of the political inquisition as an institution. One of these is that the First Amendment is a restriction on the investigative authority of both federal and state legislatures. "The First Amendment may be invoked against infringement of the protected freedoms by law or by law-making," says the Court's opinion in the Watkins case. Justices Frankfurter and Harlan placed their concurrence squarely on First Amendment grounds, while Chief Justice Warren's opinion (for four members of the Court) states that "there unquestionably was an invasion of [Sweezy's] liberties in the areas of academic freedom and political expression—areas in which government should be extremely reticent to tread."

The decisions recognize without equivocation that investigations of this type abridge freedom of opinion and discussion. The Court's opinion in the Watkins case states that "The mere summoning of a witness and compelling him to testify, against his will, about his beliefs, expressions or associations is a measure of governmental interference." And it further points out "the more subtle and immeasurable effect [of the procedure] upon those who tend to adhere to the most orthodox and uncontroversial views and associations in order to avoid a similar fate at some future time."

These cases thus bring to a successful climax the long, persistent and courageous struggle to establish First Amendment limits to the investigating power which was also waged in such earlier cases as those of Harvey O'Connor, Leo Huberman and Corliss Lamont—and many others whose cases are still pending. And it should not be forgotten that an important contribution was made by a gentleman of the ultra-Right, one Edward A. Rumely.

The new decisions further establish that there is a right of political privacy, essential to democracy, which must be protected from any unwarranted intrusion. Justice Warren states in the Sweezy case that the exercise of basic freedoms protected by the First Amendment "has traditionally been through the media

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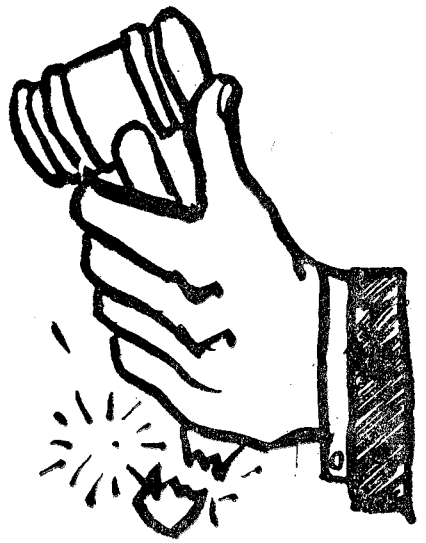
of political associations. Any interference with the freedom of a party is simultaneously an interference with the freedom of its adherents." In the same case, the Frankfurter-Harlan opinion warns of the seriousness of compelling a citizen "to forego even a part of so basic a liberty as his political autonomy" and states: "In the political realm, as in the academic, thought and action are presumptively immune from inquisition by political authority."

THERE IS nothing new in principle in all of this. It is merely the reassertion of traditional principles against a type of attack to which they have only recently been subjected. Consequently, it would be unrealistic to put too much stress on the fact that many of these statements are not technically part of the Court's "holding" (meaning its legally-binding decision). True, the situation is still perilous from the standpoint of the witness, who cannot tell with any certainty whether he might risk jail by standing on the First Amendment in circumstances different from those presented in the Watkins case. His lawyer is quite likely to continue to advise him that the Fifth Amendment is still the only legally safe course. Yet the Court itself seems to have implied a warning against taking its general language too lightly by stating, at the very opening of the majority opinion in Watkins: "The controversy rests upon fundamental principles of the power of the Congress and the limitations upon that power. We approach the questions presented with conscious awareness of the far-reaching ramifications that can follow from a decision of this nature." Here are deliberate pronouncements, carefully weighed. They constitute at the least a solemn warning that, in this area, the Court has had enough. In this writer's opinion, they constitute also a deliberate appeal to government and to the public for a return to constitutional fundamentals which have been lost sight of in recent years.

The mere reform of committee procedures would be by no means sufficient to accomplish such a return to fundamentals. Not the methods alone, but also the aims of the inquisitorial committees are unconstitutional. "There is no Congressional power to expose for the sake of exposure," says the majority opinion in Watkins. "Investigations conducted solely for the personal aggrandizement of the investigators or to 'punish' those investigated are indefensible."

And, even if the Constitution permitted it, for what purpose should this type of investigation be preserved? It is not knowledge of who are the culprits (which it is the business of courts and juries to determine) which guides legislation,



but knowledge of the problem. From this standpoint, the paucity of information which the inquisitorial committees have gathered is as appalling as their cost in money, time, human suffering and erosion of the democratic fabric. During the span of a whole generation, the House committee has learned that communism is a bad thing and that, accordingly, Communists must be bad people; that Communists support liberal and labor causes and try to exploit them, that they infiltrate other organizations and that they seek to convert other people to their point of view. The uncovering of such data would scarcely justify more than three or four weeks of investigation, even if the data were new. In fact, however, all these were the premises on which Martin Dies launched the investigation twenty years ago, and which have underlain everything the committee has done since. The Fund for the Republic is producing more information about the Communist movement in the United States by subsidizing a few experts to write books on the subject than the House committee has produced by running through thousands of subpoenas and millions of taxpayers' dollars.

The dollars, however, are a very small part of the expense. The suffering caused to thousands of persons who have lost their jobs, often their vocations or professions as well, must be reckoned as part of the cost, together with the agony of humiliation and insecurity heaped upon victims and their families. Most of this part of the cost is known only to the people involved, but occasionally dramatic incidents like the recent suicides of two Congressional witnesses make a part of it visible.

A still more pervasive element of the cost has been the deterioration of the democratic process. The inquisitorial committees have supplied much of the motive power behind other forms of repression. The most widespread abuses of recent years —faceless informers, secret evidence, guilt by association, identification of dissent with disloyalty—have usually developed first in the committees and then spread to other areas. Fear and mutual suspicion have paralyzed the corrective processes on which a democracy must depend to keep it on course. They have exposed us to the danger of making costly blunders in domestic or foreign policy which free public discussion might have prevented. Moreover, the spectacle of the world's strongest and richest country, with one of the world's weakest Communist parties, behaving like the proverbial old maid looking under beds, has damaged our prestige abroad and cast doubt upon our readiness to live by the principles we publicly profess.

OF COURSE, from their standpoint, the committees have not come up empty-handed. They have produced lots of names. The House committee alone is said to have more than a million of them—in a country which had only about 20,000 Communists before the recent mass exo-

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dus from the party. Included in the committee lists are dedicated revolutionists, utopian idealists, youthful rebels and experimenters, Socialists, liberals, laborites, conservative civil libertarians—and their friends, neighbors and relatives; and persons who once fit some of these categories but no longer do, as well as persons who never did, but who have been drawn in by mistake or false report. All these names are mixed together in one gigantic stew. No one will ever be able to determine, from the committee's data, which was which. But that seems to be approximately the way the committee has wanted it.

That the committee is not particularly interested in any other kind of information is shown by its handling of the hostile witness. Prior to the Watkins and Sweezy cases, at least, a witness who was unwilling to become a political informer, and thereby a tool of the committee, and who was likewise unwilling to risk jail for contempt, had no choice but to stand on the Fifth Amendment. Yet if at the same time he did try to give the committee some information, he would immediately be treated as having waived his Fifth Amendment rights. The result is that nine-tenths of the witnesses have been forbidden, in practical effect, to give any information whatever.

THE committees could very easily have broken through this situation. They could have agreed in advance not to compel answers to informer-type questions. (They have occasionally been offered that opportunity, as when Lillian Hellman offered to testify fully about herself if she could do so without naming others, but have always refused.) Or they could simply have agreed not to treat any disclosure by the witness as involving a forfeiture of his constitutional rights. That they have persisted in procedures which compel the witness to silence shows that they are more interested in roasting him publicly than in obtaining information from him.

Procedures are such, moreover, as to insure that what little information is elicited can come only from persons who, in addition to knowing some Communists (or, more commonly, ex-Communists), are willing to be political informers. Persons who possess both these qualifications are not at all common; most of them are either political spies or embittered ex-Communists. Neither group is particularly noted for objectivity or maturity of judgment, and their testimony is likely to be so biased as to be virtually useless.

The truth is that procedures have long since developed to the point where the committees' "legislative investigations" are not only not legislative; they are no longer investigations. They partake of trials, yet are not even that. Investigation and trial are involved, of course, but only in the work of the committee staff and the executive session. The public hearing is devoted merely to the pillorying of those found guilty by the committee's secret processes. Again, procedures reflect this fact. The committee does not come seeking information, but with its case against the witness fully prepared and documented in advance. It does not so much question the witness as fling accusations at him. It is not interested in answers, but in maneuvering him into a position where he must choose between a damaging public admission and a claim of the Fifth Amendment which the committee—and, unfortunately, many misguided citizens—will treat as equivalent to one.

The essence of the public hearing is thus neither investigation nor trial, but punishment. It is punishment applied to persons who have not been accused by grand jury, who have not been accorded the presumption of innocence, who have not been informed in advance of the accusation, who have not been accorded the right to call defense witnesses or to cross-examine their accusers, who have not been allowed the effective assistance of counsel, and who have not been tried by an impartial jury. Thus is undermined not one right, or a few rights, but the whole procedural scheme erected by the Constitution for the protection of accused persons.

Even worse, if possible, is that in almost all cases the punishment is applied for political conduct or attitudes which are not against the law, and which are therefore an exercise of the freedoms protected by the First Amendment. It follows that the attempt to punish is a deliberate and systematic evasion of the amendment. The committee itself has openly stated that it is "empowered to explore and expose activities by un-American individuals and organizations which, while sometimes being legal, are nonetheless inimical to our American concepts and our American future." The committee's first chairman, Martin Dies, said that "I am not in a position to say whether we can legislate effectively in relation to this matter, but I do know that exposure in a democracy of subversive activities is the most effective weapon we have in our possession."

BUT EVEN if the committee had not admitted that its chief function was exposure, or if, after reading the Watkins decision, it admits it no longer, the record does not leave the matter in doubt.

The committee's recent hearings in San Francisco, most observers agree, were designed to embarrass the California State Bar (an official body to which all lawyers in the state are required to belong) in retaliation for the latter's having publicly criticized the committee's treatment of lawyers who had appeared before it as counsel for witnesses. On the eve of the hearing came the Watkins decision. The committee promptly announced that the Supreme Court was trying to make its investigations impossible, but that nevertheless the investigations would continue unchanged. In other words, the committee stated it would disobey the Constitution as interpreted by the Court. Informed that the Speaker of the House had ruled that the televising of the hearings was a violation of House rules, the committee continued to televise. Informed next day that the Speaker had ordered the television stopped, it still continued to televise. Confronted with the suicide of one of its prospective witnesses, a scientist engaged in important

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cancer research, the committee, in its public statement, found nothing to regret except the fact that it would be deprived of his testimony.

IF THERE is one principle fundamental to our Constitution, it is that power must never be left unchecked and uncontrolled. How, then, is this bit of public power, run amuck, to be checked? Not solely through the legislative process, evidently, since that would be to rely for a remedy on the very process which is being corrupted. Not solely through the courts, either, which have never been strong enough by themselves to uphold liberty for any extended period. This is especially true here, for except when a witness risks a year in jail for contempt, there is nothing for the courts to act on and committees can therefore abuse power with impunity. Other abuses, such as the usurpation of executive functions, are even more difficult for the courts to get at. Some—such as the public listing as "Communist fronts" of organizations which have never been tried on any such charge—are abuses for which no judicial remedy has yet been found.

But there is another and more fundamental reason why reliance on the courts is not enough. The courts can enforce only the amount of freedom which the Constitution guarantees. That standard is not the amount we ought to have; it is only the absolute, irreducible minimum below which government is not permitted to experiment. The amount we ought to have is much higher. And it can be had only when we demand for ourselves, and for others with whom we disagree, more freedom than the courts are authorized to enforce. In this context, it can be had only when we reestablish the fundamental relationship between people and representatives which the inquisitorial committees have inverted: in matters of political policy, Congressmen are answerable to the citizens, not vice versa. This implies, of course, that the power of political inquiry be denied, once and for all, to Congressional committees.

Our Constitution and Bill of Rights were framed on the theory that the only genuine and reliable security is that which is achieved by means of freedom and tolerance. That is the heritage which the Supreme Court has summoned us to reassert after a decade of futile and costly efforts to find safety in ideological uniformity. The preservation of this heritage will leave plenty of room for the legitimate and genuine legislative investigation. It leaves no room at all for the political inquisition.

LETTER from TUNISIA

(*Continued from inside cover*)

version: an inter-village, inter-tribal feud going back for 200 years.

The few Arab witnesses whom the newsmen were permitted to see told confused versions of the official story. Among them was an old woman whose four children had been reputedly killed. When she finished her story, she turned to the French interpreter and said in Arabic, "Now I've told them what I was supposed to. When do I get the shoes for my children?"

Aside from this dubious testimony, there are other questions not easily cleared up. Why, with helicopters available to transport correspondents, their food and iced wine, were there none for reinforcements earlier, although the captain had been warned in time of impending tragedy? Why was the lieutenant so suddenly fearful of risking his men on a night patrol when night patrols are commonplace in this war? Why did he hear no sounds of shooting, since he was only a mile away? Could the "rebels" have been so reckless as to fool around La Kasba all day on the 28th considering that they must have known of the presence of an armored group of French soldiers only three miles distance by road? Why did not the three French officers agree on one explanation? Which of their versions is most plausible?

THE Melouza incident is only one in what Mr. Mollet in 1955 called the "imbecile and endless war." Eighteen months later he told the French parliament that he had not changed his mind. In the very next breath he said there was no war in Algeria. At about the same time his Minister for Algeria, Robert Lacoste, described what was happening as a "revolutionary war," but was pleased to report that Algeria was "calm, busy and magnificently prosperous."

Contradictions like this abound. Mr. Mollet always insisted that he wanted the truth, yet he confiscated French papers which printed unpleasant truth. Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, editor of *L'Express* and author of *Lieutenant in Algeria*, has been indicted for "undermining army morale." General de Bollardière, who supported the *Lieutenant in Algeria* story and asked to be relieved of his command in Algeria, was punished with a two-month confinement in a fortress. But other Frenchmen have remained singularly immune. Pierre-Henri Simon, whose book deploring the repression in Algeria and giving chapter-and-verse documentation, is untouched, as is François Mauriac, whose weekly column in *L'Express* is an anti-government blast, searing and personal. General Faure, who headed an anti-government plot predicated on the theory that Mr. Mollet's government was not pursuing the war relentlessly enough, received only a one-month sentence to General de Bollardière's two. Professor Capitant, who stopped teaching his law courses at the University of Paris because he felt the law was being flouted, merely had his salary cut off; nothing happened to the dozens of scholars all over France who publicly approved his protest. On the other hand, Professor Peyréga, a dean at the University of Algiers, wrote a letter to Premier Bourgès-Maunoury, then Minister of Defense, describing the murder of an Algerian by a para-

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chutist which he had personally witnessed. Mr. Peyréga was relieved of his deanship.

Mr. Mollet used to complain that his critics produced no specific evidence. An example of what happens to evidence is the case of a photographer for an American news agency. He told me of taking pictures of French soldiers breaking open and looting a Moslem shop. Then, when the French mob roughed him up, the police came to his rescue—and destroyed his films. *L'Express* published scores of letters and received hundreds more from French soldiers in the course of the Servan-Schreiber story—which ran for seven weeks—giving explicit accounts of atrocities similar to those described in *Lieutenant in Algeria* and offering themselves as witnesses. Nevertheless, Mr. Mollet's famous Committee to Safeguard Individual Rights and Liberties, appointed in May to hear such testimony, has so far not let out a peep.

HERE IN Tunisia, next door to the war, one gets uncensored first-hand accounts of what is happening from thousands of Algerian refugees. I have heard dozens of stories of the strafing and burning of villages, the systematic destruction of fields and forests, wanton killing and rape. Every Algerian you talk to has lost at least one member of his family in this war. Elderly women have told me how their doors were smashed open by parachutists looking for people or incriminating papers. These women say if they open the door at once they are suspect; if they delay, they are equally suspect. During the moment of indecision, the troops break in, tear the place apart and make off with anything of value they can carry.

Doubtless the war is barbarous on both sides. French soldiers demobilized in Tunisia say that neither side takes prisoners. Both sides have resorted to assassination. The "rebels" admit that they execute traitors. One was recently shot in Paris as he was walking out of a stadium beside the director of the municipal police. He was given a state funeral with eulogies by the mighty; nobody was unkind enough to mention that in Algeria he was known as "Mr. Kiss-me" for his bootlicking habits.

L'Action (Paris)

French Power in the Sahara

Mr. Lacoste has steadfastly refused to wage a war on two fronts. Many Algerians have been executed after conviction by French military tribunals of being terrorist-murderers. No Frenchman has ever been executed, though some known French terrorists have been arrested, only to be released later. The French Government has issued strict printed rules against random killing and reprisals, and has given assurance that violators will be punished. Sometimes they are. Thus when a battalion of parachutists went berserk recently after two of their number had been killed, slaying some thirty Moslems so unfortunate as to have been in the neighborhood at the time, the paratroop lieutenant was given a sixty-day jail sentence. In spite of all the talk about a beautiful Franco-Moslem friendship, there are different procedures, as there always have been, for Moslems and French. The difference shows up even in the wreath-laying business. Recently Mr. Lacoste placed flowers on the spot where a few French were killed in cold blood in August, 1955, but he ignored the Philippeville stadium, where a thousand Algerians were killed about the same time.

The Algerian war is a David-Goliath struggle, but it seems impossible for either side to win. Any victory for either would be fraught with danger for the other. The French have the superior force, trained and fully equipped, with aviation, transport, napalm and medical supplies (including exclusive access to Red Cross facilities). It seems they even have the press on their side. The Algerians are waging a war with limited means, and are called terrorists. Even the minority French press, hitherto critical of French policy in Algeria, went for the official story of Melouza. In New York and Washington, editors write sermons about rebel atrocities while suggesting ever so softly that France has made a few "mistakes."

A Tunisian correspondent, returning from Algeria, asked: "Why not send an international commission to investigate Melouza before it is too late?" Why not an international commission to investigate the whole war, before it is too late? To Algerians, Mr. Coty's assurance that he will never abandon them sounds as grim as the warden's assurance that he will never abandon his prisoners in death row. And the civilized world's insistence on sitting tight and not lifting a finger to intervene is like refusing a stay of execution in the face of new evidence.

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JAZZMAKERS' SHOWCASE . . *by Dan Wakefield*

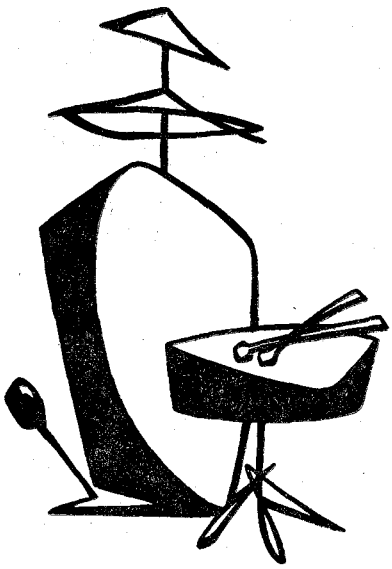
Newport, R. I.

THE LARGEST army of occupation in the long, besieged history of aristocratic Newport encamped here for the Fourth Annual American Jazz Festival from July 4-7, no doubt making many a member of the Preservation Society of Newport County look back with longing to the days when their eighteenth-century ancestors bore the more modest intrusion of the British and French. The army of the King was only 4,000 strong, and the liberating forces of Rochambeau had but 6,000. The natives of colonial Newport complained about both, and never dreamed that a strange and modern cult called Jazz would someday occupy the city with 42,000 pilgrims and all their reigning saints —a feat whose proportions were appalling not only to many of the Old Guard townsfolk, but to many of the star musicians who reigned (for approximately twenty-five minutes apiece) at the festival.

Louis Lorillard, an acknowledged lion of the Newport "younger set," whose credentials include the fact that the obituary of his great-great-grandfather occasioned the first use of the word "millionaire," originated the festival with the help of jazz promoter George Wein, in the face of an original opposition from the city's Old Guard socialites that has slowly turned to stoic acceptance. They can find solace at least in the historical continuity of these destructions of the peace, since we have it on the word of the Preservation Society that when General Washington rode to Newport in 1781 to meet with the French reinforcements, the event set off a week of festivities, including torchlight parades, that were "accompanied by the thin, high notes of the French trumpeters. . . ." If it's not Red Allen, it's Rochambeau.

The Lorillards have forgotten neither their heritage nor their elderly neighbors, and homage was respectfully paid in the festival publicity to the glory that was Newport. The opening night release announced that "Freebody Park, where the concerts will be held, is just a short distance from the fabled estates of society's 'last resort.' Time has not dimmed the luster of Belcourt, the former estate of Percy Belmont; 'The Breakers,' the Vanderbilts' cottage now open to the public . . ." etc. But, like many estates of the English gentry, these resorts that are fast becoming relics are often operated by the entrance fees of the curious tourists.

While the old fables of Newport flake away (encroached upon not



only by decay but also by the impending threat of an oil refinery in this formerly industry-virgin port), the immense new legend of the Newport Jazz Festival broadens into worldwide proportions. The Voice of America carried it this year from Stockholm to Tanganyika, and when Edward "Kid" Ory of New Orleans blew the horn Thursday night, the size of his listening audience must have tempted Billy Graham to take up the slide trombone. When Graham opened his New York crusade, he proudly announced that a tribe of African head-hunters was praying along with him; Kid Ory had that and Paris too.

The Paris *Match* had four men covering the festival, two who flew over to arrive just in time for opening night, which was perhaps a remote, posthumous triumph for Commodore Vanderbilt, who had had his Newport villa made in France, modeled on Genoa, and shipped across. The first time Newport was free to straighten its cultural back from the adoration of Europe, the liberators were Louis Armstrong, graduate of the New Orleans Waifs' Home, Henry "Red" Allen from just across the Mississippi at Algiers, and Edward Ory from twenty miles away at LaPlace.

Armstrong, long the toast of the European capitals, had been in conference the day before with Dick Nixon on the possibilities of touring Russia. Dizzy Gillespie, whose appearance in Greece had stopped a political street riot, was talking of going to Istanbul. These creators and dispensers of our only original contribution to culture have seen far more of the world than the globe-touring socialites of old and current Newport put together, and, unlike them, are the first Americans to be welcome everywhere for reasons other than the dollar.

BUT THE triumphant fete at Newport, whose opening marked the fifty-seventh birthday of Louis Armstrong, suffered from the inevitable dangers of all "planned festivity." Armstrong boycotted the lavish birthday dinner in his honor held by the Lorillards, snubbed old friends, and gave the audience nothing more than his minimum, standard fare and stale jokes. As the evening wore on, the audience that had come so far to hear the master was deserting the bleachers, and somewhere on the dark banks of the Zambezi there must have been tribesmen who were fast losing faith in the mystic town at the delta of the Mississippi. Ella Fitzgerald came onstage to sing a song she had written especially for "Pops," and Jack Teagarden and Kid Ory were waiting in the wings to join him in sound when Louis looked out into the dark, announced that it was going to rain, and played the Star Spangled Banner to end the sad evening. There was no rain.

DAN WAKEFIELD is a staff contributor.

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Louis' debacle hung over the rest of the proceedings long after he had left for New York—it was aired the next morning on the first of two lively panel discussions, led by jazz critic Nat Hentoff, which in many ways were the most successful ventures of the festival. The first panel, on "The Working Conditions of Jazz Musicians," frankly tore into the question of the working conditions at the Newport Jazz Festival, and that soon led to the work of its major attraction, Mr. Armstrong, who has been observed working much harder and more effectively at Fruitport, Michigan.

George Avakian of Columbia Records remarked that Louis has opened every one of his stands at Newport with his standard rendition of *Back Home Again in Indiana,* and indeed, except for the exclusion of *Gypsy,* played the identical program this year as in previous years.

Norman Granz, the promoter who originated the "Jazz at the Philharmonic" series and is an advocate of pragmatism as well as good jazz, blamed it not on Louis but on the promoters. "It's old hat," he said, "that Louis plays the same program over and over. If you want something different, you have to fix it yourself." The most different and successful of Louis' latest records was arranged by Mr. Granz, who explained that he did it by putting Louis with Ella and the Oscar Peterson trio: "He couldn't do *Indiana* again—Peterson doesn't play it."

BUT THERE are problems beyond apathy that plague the big festivals and touring jazz shows that are growing in size and number all the time. Gerry Mulligan, whose sax is among the most successful in the business, said on the panel that most of the "packaged" jazz shows, whether tours or festivals, were "expensive, many-named affairs" that played to huge audiences and "are not conducive to jazz. . . . You exhaust your audience—people go away dissatisfied and the band is dissatisfied. Our music is not pre-arranged, so it's not a matter of doing 'old stuff.' But there is something about playing in front of 5,000 people that freezes us a little bit."

George Shearing pointed out that the groups are only allotted twenty-five minutes at the festival and "it's not difficult to kill double that time. Our group just can't get its best out in the small time that's allowed." He explained that the mass audience also creates the problem of whether or not to play the "best" or rehash the old familiar "standards" that are often yelled for.

Mulligan, who is easily as ambitious about his artistry as James Joyce was about his, said that it was "up to the musicians to preserve their music—to adapt the festivals to their needs." Mulligan carried his verbal ideals of the panel to the bandstand Saturday night, and after two numbers that were coolly received by the audience, a fan in the crowd shouted, in request, *"Foggy Day!"* Mulligan leaned aggressively into the mike and said, "It looks pretty clear out to me." The next number was *Open Country,* a far-out original by Mulligan's trombonist Bob Brookmeyer.

THE ENTIRE cast faced the same problems, and will face them again, for the big drawing card is a big list of performers, and the bigger the list the less time the stars have to play, and therefore, to play well. Newport had fifty groups with more than 200 individual performers. When Shearing appeared on Friday night, he mentioned to the audience that there seemed to be no limit to the number of star attractions on the show.

"I hope all of you will be able to come tomorrow night," he said. "We'll have the adorable Adolf Hitler."

There were few spontaneous moments at the musical marathon, but after the sessions on Friday, which were largely barren except for Ruby Braff, individuality briefly triumphed. Norman Granz got some of the boys together in the back room of the Hotel Viking after the evening stint, and Mulligan, Errol Garner and Coleman Hawkins, before a small and hip crowd, performed what Nat Hentoff later described as the "most festive music of the festival" up to that point. It was also a triumph for the historical spirit of Western culture, repeating in a way the feat of Rochambeau at the Festival of 1781, who, "disappointed with the performance of the locally-hired orchestra, took over the baton himself and he and his junior officers provided the music for a part of the evening."

The unexpected bright note on the official program was provided Saturday afternoon by the Farmingdale (L.I.) High School jazz band, directed by Marshall Brown. Playing a program that ranged from the scores of Cab Calloway to Shorty Rogers, the kids, aged twelve to fourteen, put a real—and surprisingly professional—punch in the day's activities. The unusual experiment being conducted at Farmingdale by Brown has had, no doubt, to apologize for itself to many a questioning parent. Brown undertook to explain at the festival that the jazz was only a means to the goal of "better citizenship." After rendering an Ellington and a Count Basie in a style that needed no further comment, Brown stepped to the mike and explained that "We try to cover all the fields of jazz in training the children at Farmingdale High School."

THE SECOND panel, on narcotics, held Saturday morning, also had its moments of apology; it swung from the usual extreme of blaming jazz for the maladies of teenagers, to the other extreme of making jazz sound like a Boy Scout program. But the old pros were around to dispel any illusions of the Farmingdale kids as to the rosy path of the jazz career. Saturday night, Roy Eldridge, one of the trumpet's greats, stood outside the performers' tent in conversation with the fourteen-year-old girl piano player of the Farmingdale group, and in tones no less tender than those of a worried father, explained that "It's a cold, hard business—you be careful. Some of these cats, they'll take you to night clubs in Cadillacs and then before you know it they'll set you out to wander."

There is room for neither Boy Scouts nor gangsters at the heart of jazz. It is already occupied by what little genuine love our culture can claim.

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In Praise of a Wretch

BAUDELAIRE, A SELF PORTRAIT. Selected Letters. Translated and edited with commentary by Lois Boe Hyslop and Francis E. Hyslop, Jr. Oxford University Press. 259 pp. $6.

Kenneth Rexroth

BAUDELAIRE was the greatest poet of the capitalist epoch. Does anybody doubt this? And yet—my God! what a wretched fellow he was. Anybody unfamiliar with the subject would be sure the Hyslops had rigged an invidious selection of his letters. They haven't done so, yet these hundred, chosen from about a thousand that survive, not only show him in a bad light, they never, never at all, show him in a good one. It was unlucky for Baudelaire that his mother saved all his letters to her. He never wrote her a decent letter and he wrote plenty. They are all dishonest. If he is not begging her for money, he is trying to trick her out of it by the most transparent devices and lies. He lies about his business affairs; he lies about his love affairs. Always he picks at the scabs of his ulcerating Oedipus complex. It is disgusting.

His letters to his friends are mostly concerned with literary logrolling and wirepulling. Again and again he wheedles Sainte Beuve; again and again he is snubbed. Precisely because he was the kind of man his letters reveal him to be, he was not the sort that Sainte Beuve, that slightly seedy *bon vivant*, could take seriously. He tells his guardian that he will beat him up. He stages a fake suicide. He never has a genuinely good word, never an honest one, to say for his mistress, Jeanne. At the end she vanishes, blind, sick and crippled. She may have been pretty bad—perverted and totally masochistic himself, Baudelaire doubtless picked a freak—but she put up with him for twenty years, a job which might have revolted his guardian angel. She certainly did not hang on for his money, because she got very little, and in her young days at least had plenty of opportunity to do better elsewhere. His love letters to other women are absurd; the scorned and beseeching lover of a tenth-rate provincial melodrama. Altogether, he manages to put up an even worse front than did his master, Poe.

WHAT was great about this man? He wasn't even bad, but "delinquent," like an incorrigible, shifty, not very bright child of ten. However powerful and original his published criticism of painting and letters, when he writes in his correspondence of ideas, of literature, of art, he seldom rises above the level of a scrap book of demoralized adolescence. Poe's *Eureka* may read like the philosophizing of Amory Blaine, but Baudelaire does not reach even those heights. It has been said that he admired Poe so much because he couldn't understand English. To judge by the letters, it was because he couldn't understand Poe. French or English, it all seemed very deep stuff to Baudelaire. Then too, it was profitable. He seems to have made more money off his Poe translations than from anything else he did. Why was this man one of the world's greatest writers? That is the hardest of all critical questions to answer.

In a sense it is the fundamental critical question. It must be answered just right. The slightest confusion leads to aesthetic and moral nonsense. Catullus is a great writer. Celine is a great writer. Genet is not a "writer" at all—he is a social document. Pornography is not enough. Evil living is not enough. Demoralization is not enough. Everybody knows that Baudelaire was great because of the magnificence of his style, but what does that mean? Here of all places the style is the man. There is something that doesn't meet the naked eye. For the poetry to possess such grandeur, the man must have had it too. The qualities of his poetry are obvious enough to everyone but T. S. Eliot. Most of them are included in his own aesthetic of "dandyism." They are designed to achieve maximum tension by all sorts of means, but especially by dynamic contrasts of both style and material—the well-known use of classical rhythmic inflections in a fiercely ironic sense is a good example. Mr. Eliot took this at face value, but the point is that Baudelaire uses the heroic hysterics of Racine to mock his own predicament. The *Action Française* nonsense about his Catholicism is a similar error. Religion for Baudelaire is a kind of sultry farce. The Mass is a travesty of the Black Mass, rather than the other way around.

Another characteristic of Baudelaire is his overpowering gravity. Poe is always frivolous. Baudelaire is always in deadly, terrifying earnest. The *motte* of his mistress, the hallucinatory streets of Paris in the autumn evening, "lit with prostitutes," the snaky hiss of taffeta petticoats, the stale sweat of poverty or lust, everything is given the life and death significance of an induced paranoia. The verse echoes this mortal concern, and through it all beats the measuring out of ultimate crisis, the tones of his *cloche felée*. Compare them with the bell strokes of *In Memoriam* and you sense instantly the difference between the pathos of sentiment and the pathos of total tragedy.

Even so hasty a characterization makes apparent what it is that makes Baudelaire great. Homer was as professionalized as an acrobat. Butler thought Nausicaa wrote the *Odyssey*. No one has ever suggested that it was the autobiography of Odysseus. Certainly Homer never stood on the walls of Troy beside his infant son and resolved within his own heart the ruin of all bright things. He let

KENNETH REXROTH'S most recent book is In Defense of Earth, *a collection of his poetry.*

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other men do it for him. His job was to record the acts of heroes. So too with Aeschylus and Sophocles. With the arrest of industrial and commerical civilization at the level of the French Restoration, French official culture disintegrates into a congeries of lies, like a heap of evil jackstraws. The only heroes that society has to offer are confidence men. It can provide the cast for no more than bitter comedy—Jonson's *Volpone*, Machiavelli's *Mandragola*—and what is the nineteenth century novel, from Balzac or even Choderlos de Laclos, but the representation of this malignant mockery? Where the poet preserves an awareness of his prophetic responsibility, where he insists that poetry still is a symbolic criticism of values, he is forced to become his own tragic hero.

Incompatibilities

Desire's a vicious separator in spite
  Of its twisting women round men:
Cold-chisels two selves single as it welds hot
  Iron of their separates to one.

Old Eden commonplace: something magnets
  And furnaces and with fierce
Hammer-blows the one body on the other knits
  Till the division disappears;

But desire, outstripping the hands that mere touch fills,
  Has dived into the opposite eyes,
Plummeting through blackouts of impassables
  For the star that lights the face,

Each body still straining to follow down
  The maelstrom dark of the other, their limbs flail
Flesh and beat upon
  The inane everywhere of its obstacle,

Each, each second, lonelier and further
  Falling alone through the endless
Without-world of the other, though both here
  Twist so close they choke their cries.

TED HUGHES

IT SOUNDS glib to say that Baudelaire embodies within himself the "contradictions of capitalism," as though he were a sort of ambulatory Falling Rate of Profit. Perhaps it can all be traced back to economics, but the tragedy of the modern world, the metaphysical horror, the social lie, the world ill, these are catch phrases masking total moral breakdown, the alienation of man from his work, from his fellows and from himself. Organized society in our epoch is deadly fraud from start to finish. We are so used to it that we forget, or never face, what men like Veblen, or Riesman, or C. Wright Mills mean in actual human terms.

Baudelaire or Rimbaud or Celine face the monster all the time. The horrors of a world where man is wolf to man struggle all through every moment in their very bloodstream, like leukemia.

Does this mean that, as the Marxists used to say, all great writers of the past two centuries have been revolutionaries, conscious or unconscious? Certainly not. Leon Blum had a career and a program; Celine had a life and a work of art. Leon Trotsky said that long ago, in the best thing he ever wrote. In the final showdown, all our revolutions have turned out to be careers for some and programs for others. The stuff of life, of art, is not only vaster far than all programs and careers, it is the material of a different qualitative world altogether.

The *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus could ennoble and purify the Greek community in ways that we can hardly realize—however well we may understand them. The hero, Baudelaire, enables us to endure a predicament we understand only too well with at least some kind of dignity. It is, in fact, a very considerable dignity, greater than can be comprehended in the term "dandy" unless we want to give it the very special connotation he gave it—the meaning of tragic hero of the modern metropolis. But there is none of this dignity in the letters: just the terrible fires of shame out of which that dignity was forged. We can pity; but as Yeats said, the poetry is not the pity.

Reflections of an Angry Patriot

THE TAXIS OF THE MARNE. By Jean Dutourd. Simon & Schuster. 244 pp. $3.50.

Harvey Goldberg

JEAN DUTOURD is the acrobat of French letters. At thirty-seven he has cartwheeled before the French public in an impressive succession of roles: as a young man of the Resistance, once sentenced to death by the Gestapo; as a novelist of stimulating variety, writing now in the tradition of Kafka, now in the style of Balzac; as movie critic, radio commentator, book editor, newspaper columnist; even as fencing champion of Paris. But his *cursus honorum*, however rewarding for Dutourd and his public, has missed essential greatness, the kind that belongs to the supremely dedicated artist or the impassioned prophet. In *Taxis of the Marne* he attempts a leap toward high seriousness in a book which seeks to delineate the decay of France and to propose the path of salvation.

The point of departure in *Taxis of the Marne* is the author's recollection and evaluation of his own military role in the war of 1940. A young man just over twenty, he spent two inglorious weeks in the army before he and five comrades were taken prisoner. None of them resisted imprisonment, so pleased were they to conclude their brief encounter with war. Expanding this personal recollection into a broader reflection on the defeat of 1940, Dutourd decries the conspicuous failure of nerve among French troops. "The gunners settled down in the Maginot Line like apartment-house janitors, trailing about the corridors in slippers, playing innumerable games of cards under the

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silent guns, yawning from morning to midnight."

But behind the failure of the men lay the treason of their leaders. "Men are neither lions nor sheep but a mixture of the two. It is the man who leads them who turns them into either lions or sheep." The generals, alas, lacked both intelligence and patriotism. Men who "secretly longed to be civil servants," they were more concerned with personal advancement than republican defense. What inspiration could men derive from a Pétain turning his back on modern weapons or a Gamelin ignoring expert advice on German invasion plans?

Pushing aside the generals, Dutourd exposes the politicians, impotent, cynical, empty. "There was nobody on top to ruthlessly throw out these useless Radical-Socialists or Fascist generals who had prospered like cockroaches between the disjointed floor boards of the Staff College." To symbolize the degeneracy of the republican dogma, he passes over such crypto-Fascists as Laval and Flandin or politicians as irresolute as Herriot; he centers instead on the almost ludicrous figure of President Lebrun, whose "surrender of power on July 10, 1940, provided the debasing spectacle of a republic abdicating into the hands of an aged tyrant." However random his volley, Dutourd's target is clear enough: it is the rot that was obvious in 1940 and is still obvious today, the rot that spreads disastrously through a nation whose citizens have preferred selfishness to patriotism and whose leaders have lacked any sense of national dignity.

DUTOURD'S frame of mind suggests both Stendhal and Montaigne. Like Stendhal, he is suffocating in an unheroic age, one which contrasts sharply with the great days of France. Like Montaigne (whose talents he noted in a recent essay on Montherlant), Dutourd has been skeptical about man and society. Living similarly in an age of disruption and chaos, Montaigne concluded that "those who are influential enough to do so contribute injustice, cruelty, avarice, and tyranny." And except in his first novel, *Le Dejeuner de lundi* (an immediate postwar hymn to life), Dutourd has been progressively unillusioned about the human condition. Doucin, spokesman in the extended monologue, *Five A.M.*, questions not only good intentions in life but life itself. "In the darkness of the early morning I see clearly that I don't care a rap for the struggle of the proletariat and that the brotherhood of man is bunk, meaningless words, mere stupidity. They leave me cold. They are mere diversions. One lives, one dies, one is unhappy."

Yet resemblances can be deceptive. Stendhal, though comprehending the limits of his age and its dominant class relationships, spurned both escapism and hysteria, and made his books, as Irving Howe has noted, "devil's manuals for men in revolt at a time when there is no possibility of revolt." And Montaigne, whose great insight into human folly did not deter him from "the general and just cause," rooted participation in reason and careful analysis. Dutourd approaches his age with neither clear definition nor sophisticated strategy. *Taxis of the Marne* is less a coherent position for a troubled France than the dramatic pose of an angry intellectual.

When Dutourd preaches the moral of defeat, he is mystic, vitalist and above all patriot. What France lacked in 1940 was a miracle powerful enough to release a flood of heroism, a repetition of Gallieni's bold decision in 1914 to send recruits in taxis to the battlefield of the Marne. In 1940 no taxis were sent to the Seine. Even the liberation of France in 1944, which might have been the miraculous source of national renewal, went only to the skin, not the heart of the nation. "France was handed back to us but not the taste for living in it."

Dutourd's continuing search for a miracle diverts him from a position rooted in the realities of the Fourth Republic. He casts about for a hero, pure and powerful, to transform the condition of France. Like Warwick in Anouilh's play, he agrees that "every once in a while a lark does appear... and then everything stupid and evil is wiped out by the shadow of the lark." The hero who appeared in the days of great catastrophe was de Gaulle ("this great soul, this noble and unique soul whom people have laughed at so much ..."), but he was rejected in both war and peace by his countrymen.

The roots of Dutourd's search for a hero are planted in deeper soil, however, than his sincere admiration for de Gaulle. His hero is the summation of a republican *mystique,* the symbol of the vigorous and virtuous state, the source of inspiration for the citizens. His France descends from Pericles' Athens and Bruni's Florence. Once cynical about faith, Dutourd now makes an unabashed appeal to it. "Now that I am grown up and see a few things that did not strike me fifteen years ago, it is people without faith who weary me."

Dutourd is less concerned with Left, Right, or Center than with Strength and Weakness. His indignation is superb against those nonentities who have boxed France into the dead end of *immobilisme* ("Real political wisdom is called Edgar Faure"). But French political life needs reorientation and direction; it is confusing, almost valueless to stand equally for Gambetta, who gave republicanism fervor but little program; Ferry, who gave it dubious colonial adventures along with secular education; Clemenceau, whose long ministry perfected strikebreaking; Blum, whose Popular Front combined social justice with international paralysis; and de Gaulle, whose genius diminishes when moral grandeur is translated into party politics. What unites Dutourd's heroes is not democratic program or progressive direction, but strength, energy and virility.

A BERGSONIAN appeal to instinct and emotion flows through Dutourd's polemic. For when a writer declares that "one man of genius and ten of honor could restore France in six months," he has abandoned reason. He would be done with intellectualism, so long the French disease. The approach is not new but always seductive. The attack against debilitating reason calls up Péguy and Sorel. For Sorel, the central problem was likewise the rejuvenation of a sterile society; and his search for an energizing myth made him fellow-traveler to the early Christians, the ancient Athenians, the striking workers, the Italian Fascists and the Russian Bolsheviks. Such are the vagaries of the vitalists, for whom *mystique* transcends all else. In the battle of words and the petty play of politics in France, there is no small stimulus for Dutourd's exasperation. "I shall never be able to believe in the superiority of ideas to men. . . . Will power, honesty, morality, a liking for good—these are permanent values without which, in the long run, nothing good is achieved anywhere." It is the perception of Silone's Don Benedetto, who saw the social solution in "a different way of living."

But pure emotions and virtuous dedication are only the gateway to a better society; beyond them must lie well-conceived, reasonable policies. Of these, Dutourd says little that is helpful. From the dedication of his book to General Rossel (who, as Lefrançais has written, understood nothing of the Commune's republican and revolutionary force) to the several laments about "being kicked out of Africa and Asia," Dutourd displays a distressing irresponsibility. For it is precisely *not* empire that will mark the greatness of France, but her willingness to dissolve it; not individual strong

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men, but progressive party coalitions; not the end of reason, but its more powerful application. It is unfortunate, to say it mildly, that one so prolific and eloquent as Dutourd should have preferred the pose of a latter-day Julian the Apostate to the more arduous task of piercing the web of history. Had he turned to his own Jaurès, he might have found this valuable key—that history can best be fathomed with an approach drawn from Plutarch, Michelet and Marx. Then can one perceive that history belongs to the men who lead it, the ideals that dominate it and the social forces that underlie it.

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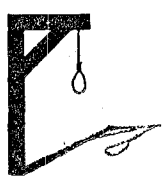

ARTHUR KOESTLER
REFLECTIONS ON HANGING

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The Rites of Fiction

THE INNOCENT. By Madison Jones. Harcourt, Brace & Co. 370 pp. $4.75.

MIRI. By Peter Sourian. Pantheon Books. 219 pp. $3.50.

David L. Stevenson

TO THE American literary intellectual of post-World War II, the writing of his first novel has become a kind of initiation rite into the world of serious letters—as much a prestige publication as is a scholar's monograph. Madison Jones's *The Innocent*, like James Merrill's *The Seraglio* [*The Nation*, April 13], is this sort of first novel: a work unabashedly minor in aim. It is the portrait of the disintegrating inner world of a man who has fled a broken marriage and the pace of city life in order to make himself invulnerable, on his family's ancestral farm in Tennessee, to "whatever the world might think or do." And *The Innocent*, I take it, deliberately seeks a limited audience among its author's literary peers. In its conscious allegorizing of its hero as the human animal, trapped by incommunicable feelings, retreating to a child-like state where emotions are resolved in violence, it is an *"objet d'art,"* rather than a new synthesis of human experience. Jones's narrative technique is also a carefully contrived impediment to the general reader, the hero's mixture of love and hate for his aging father, for his sister and her husband, for his second wife, for a forest recluse, and for a neighboring farmer whom he murders, being presented with a consciously ballad-like lack of motivation or explanation. In his psychotic withdrawal from humanity, the hero-everyman identifies with a colt which he has bred; and like an animal, he dies at the novel's end, shot down by a sheriff's posse.

Peter Sourian, by contrast, is more a professional than an intellectual. Both in subject matter and in technique, his *Miri* is obviously aimed at the general reader of the older American tradition of serious letters, schooled by Cather, Lewis, Hemingway. *Miri* is a conscientious, unexperimental, presentation of the initiation of three college freshmen into the emotions and the rituals of sexual love. It achieves a pleasant structural complexity by being told, successively, from the point of view of Miri, a young Greek girl, a war orphan, unsure of herself as a woman; of Josh, the over-protected child of a middle-class family; and of Lexy, Miri's cousin, brilliant but erratic son of a wealthy Greek ship owner. The novel comes to an end with Lexy's account of his first possessing his cousin, and his erotic elation at his triumph.

It is easy to name the qualities by which to praise each of these first novels. The force of *The Innocent* is contained in the beauty of Jones's prose, especially when he is describing the erosions of time or invoking a sense of place. The virtues of *Miri* are in its honest and sensitive portrayal of the reactions of young men in their first ventures in love-making. And one is curious, of course, as to the staying powers of these two writers, wondering whether one novel will satisfy their creative urge as a single child establishes the maternalism of some women.

BUT AFTER committing yourself to praise and to curiosity, you must acknowledge that these first novels are no better and little worse than any other intelligent first novels of any other year. Peter Sourian's *Miri* is about as perceptive and successful as Maureen Daly's first novel, *Seventeenth Summer* (1942). Madison Jones's *The Innocent* does not make the grade as a truly brilliant minor novel for the literary intellectuals, and is about at the level of John Kerouac's first novel of 1950, *The Town and the City*.

We can accept as cold fact, I suppose, that since World War II only Truman Capote, Mary McCarthy, Paul Bowles, Tennessee Williams and Randall Jarrell have written first novels which were successful *because* they excluded the general reader. Only Mailer, Algren, Styron, Salinger and Herbert Gold have written first novels that were immediately recognizable *by* the general reader as entities, with a built-in permanence of form and substance. By comparison, each of the two first novels of this review, in separate ways, seems to be rather a performance in the art of novel writing than an achieved, novel-in-itself. Each performance, though it demonstrates the skill of its author, fails to break through into any new perception of human relations or to do more than ruffle our dulled awareness of the world of action and emotion in which we personally pad about. One reads these novels only to be haunted by a sense of the purposelessness of the trial runs in fiction of so many of the intelligent young.

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RECORDS

Lester Trimble

BELA BARTOK'S SONATA for Two Pianos and Percussion is one of those rare pieces that is more effective on a record than it is in the concert hall. The reasons for this are both visual and aural. On the visual side, the listener is spared the sight of percussionists, usually full-grown men and the fathers of children, tinkling away at little metal triangles, whacking cymbals and pumping up and down on the foot-pedals of the tympani. In a more serious, aural sense the Sonata is given a quality of homogeneous resonance in the recording which could not exist in the concert hall, but which, despite its artificiality, enhances rather than detracts from the beauty of the work.

Percussion instruments are dry and separatist in sound. If they are sensitively handled by composer and performer, their tones can give an illusion of blending or fusing with those of other instruments. But they do not really fuse; they superimpose. With the least miscalculation of dynamics, they will separate from the texture and proclaim their independent existences as bits of struck wood or metal.

Bartok certainly wrote the Sonata with these facts in mind, for he exploited both the qualities of independence inherent in the percussion instruments and their limited potential for blending. What Westminster (XWN-18425) contributes is an extra illusion of blending with, paradoxically, no loss of timbre independence. As a convincing example of this contribution, one can point out the fusion of low tympani resonances, even the glissando ones, with those of the two pianos. A round, openness of sound is achieved thereby which makes the incisive clattering of the xylophone and the bright, hard upper registers of the pianos stand out in relief against the darker background. Strangely, the extra degree of cohesiveness achieved by the recording takes away from the Sonata some of its aura of "the thirties" and places it in a universality of time. I doubt that Bartok would have objected to this, even if he might have preferred a drier, concert hall sound.

Wilfrid Parry and Iris Loveridge, two British pianists, are directed in this performance by another Britisher, Richard Austin. Their joint conception of the work is full-bodied and secure. The air of nervousness and brinkmanship which so often afflicts recordings of contemporary music is nowhere in evidence here. And the percussionists, Gilbert Webster and Jack Lees, both play like gentlemen.

The reverse side of the disc carries Bartok's *Contrasts* for Piano, Violin, and Clarinet, which is dedicated to Benny Goodman and Joseph Szigeti. Wilfrid Parry; Frederick Grinke, violinist; and Jack Brymer, clarinetist, play it with fine rhythmic style although there is a slightly edgy tone in the violin and clarinet.

I AM reminded here of the Bartokian *String Quartet No. 1* by Jerome Rosen, which is coupled on Epic LC-3333 with Ilhan Usmanbas' *String Quartet (1947)*. Rosen is a talented young American who, like his disc-colleague, was given a Fromm Foundation Award and included in that organization's recorded *Twentieth Century Composers Series*. His Quartet displays a facile hand with contemporary techniques, but in substance it strikes me as disingenuous and lacking real expressive impulse. It is the kind of score that looks good on a judgment table because of its obvious modernity and technical aplomb. Unfortunately, to the ear it speaks not one convincing word. The heavy Bartokian influence is not so important. But the habit of unself-critical chattering is one that no composer, young or old, should cultivate. Usmanbas' *String Quartet* is hardly more convincing. There is, however, an atmosphere of honesty about the writing even when materials and projective force are weak. Both works are played with vitality and refinement by the New Music String Quartet; the recording is excellent.

HEITOR VILLA-LOBOS, because of his seventieth birthday anniversary, is enjoying a special burst of popularity this year. M.G.M., which has previously recorded a number of his works, is now issuing the *Chôros* Nos. 5 and 7, *Saudades das Selvas Brasileiras, Suite Floral, Poema Singelo,* and *Bachianas Brasileiras* No. 9 as part of its "Pan-American Music Series" (E-3516). It is one of the firm's most appealing issues, both in sound and substance. The *Bachianas Brasileiras,* for String Orchestra, and the *Chôros* No. 7, for Chamber Orchestra, are among Villa-Lobos' most lusciously colorful works, and conductors Izler Solomon and Carlos Surinach are patently enamored of them. The other

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pieces recorded, for piano, are less distinguished. And Leonore Engdahl's playing is not as pointed as it might be.

Another disc from the Pan-American series (E-3515) links the Suite for String Orchestra by the Chilean, Domingo Santa-Cruz, with *Estampas y Estampillas* for an orchestra of 'cellos by the Bolivian, Jaime Mendoza-Nava. The Suite is a warm, non-parochial and neatly-crafted work, conservative in idiom. The Mendoza-Nava is empty and folksy. Carlos Surinach does not accord either of them the red-carpet treatment evident in the Villa-Lobos recording. But the performances are more than adequate, and the music provides a glancing comparison of South-American personalities.

MOZART'S 39th and 40th Symphonies, in a new recording by Karl Bohm and the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam (Epic LC-3357), are a considerable disappointment. Bohm was apparently trying to make a "definitive" statement, for the orchestra is polished with great deliberation and every grace note is treasured like a diamond. But the tempi are incredibly sluggish, peculiar emphases are forced upon the woodwinds, and the total effect is pedantic and dull. Only the *Finale* of the 39th Symphony and the *Menuetto* of the 40th have any real vitality, and even these are heavy-footed. With roughly thirteen versions of the 39th and eighteen of the 40th already in the catalogues, you need hardly dash out for this one.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

THE HISTORY and legend of Joan of Arc are in the public domain, and it is a waste of money to pay George Bernard Shaw's estate for permission to make a film about her unless you plan to use his script. The Otto Preminger production is by Graham Greene, "based" on Shaw's *St. Joan,* but there isn't enough Shaw in it to warrant the royalty. However, the old man's name is magic and that probably is what Preminger was buying.

Shaw's play is about the mortal struggle between the divinity of kings and the God-given right of the individual to follow his own conscience. It was not the church but the state that was threatened by Joan's voices, and Shaw's heroine died, less because she was a heretic than because she was a revolutionist. She was a mystic, but she was also very much a sturdy, rough-tongued feminist in the English style; I wonder sometimes how much of their saint the French recognize in Shaw's Joan.

Preminger's movie is about a nice peasant girl who has a knack (never demonstrated) for making soldiers, generals and troops alike, follow her suggestions. Her precocious grasp of logistics goes a little to her head, and she is burned at the stake for being stubborn in the face of her ecclesiastical advisers. Warwick is skulking about, it is true, but you would never guess why if you didn't know; and the various state and church dignitaries who keep assuring one another that the execution will have grave consequences sound merely portentous out of Shaw's context.

Not knowing any actresses who could play Joan, Mr. Preminger hired Jean Seberg, a high school girl who has never acted before. She could not possibly have played Shaw's Joan, but Graham Greene has thoughtfully omitted from his text everything that might exceed her grasp. What is left is a rather dim and dolorous girl who makes foolish boasts and is a general nuisance around the French apartments of state. She deserves, and gets, a harsh dressing down from the Archbishop of Rheims (Finlay Currie), but the stake is drastic discipline for uppity school girls.

There is, in other words, no point to the role as Miss Seberg has been taught to play it; and there is no more point to Richard Widmark's portrayal of the Dauphin as a halfwit boy from the Middle West. John Gielgud, deprived of any cogent reason for pulling strings at Rouen, makes something mean and fancy of Warwick.

The movies have proved before this that Joan of Arc is a suitable heroine for melodrama. I'm not much interested in that interpretation of her legend, but it is more acceptable than this denatured and dramatically static version of a great play. Shaw was alive, and so alive, for so long that it is hard to believe he is dead. But dead he must be, or they would never have dared this travesty.

STANLEY KRAMER'S *The Pride and the Passion* is subject to De Mille's axiom: dramatic interest varies inversely with the square of the number of extras. There are scenes in this spectacle that seem to employ the entire adult

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population of Spain, and they are not without their own kind of interest. You can always elicit a gratifying audience reaction by yoking several hundred men and women to some wonderfully heavy object, and it doesn't matter whether the object is a stone for Ramses' pyramid or, as here, a gigantic cannon which the Spanish guerrillas wish to use against Napoleon's legions.

But when you build your story around this primitive sort of engineering, you pay the price with a correspondingly primitive dramatic story. In this case the proud Cary Grant, the passionate Frank Sinatra and the pneumatic Sophia Loren arrange themselves in a triangle of stunning predictability. Aphorisms fly like dust and the insistent boom-boom music of George Antheil carries the lovers along a path blazed long ago by Ramon Navarro and the Gish sisters.

NOTHING would improve *Sweet Smell of Success* as much as a measure of plausibility. If you could believe it, it would be a real shocker; but if you could believe it, you would not be going around without an attendant.

Burt Lancaster is quoted as saying that here he is not playing a gossip columnist who is a heel, but a heel who is a gossip columnist. By this interesting distinction he means to explain that he is intent on making the character's heelishness convincing and doesn't much care that his gossip column business is not conducted according to the normal rules of the profession.

But the character Mr. Lancaster is really playing is the mad scientist of the side-street horror movies; he even wears thick-lensed spectacles which produce baleful reflections and he keeps a young girl in thrall. The fact that the girl is his sister does give this old porridge a sophisticated dash of incest.

To round out the notice, I should say a little something about the dialogue (full-strength Odets), the plot (the sister's splendid young suitor is almost destroyed by the wicked rumor that he takes dope *and* is a Communist), and the photography (some good work with Broadway and the night club East Side by James Wong Howe); but the weather is hot, the space is limited and nothing is to be gained by describing exactly how this picture is ridiculous. It is not about people—that is ridiculous enough.

Susan Harrison, new to the screen, is made up to look like a wet mouse, and she snivels a good deal. Tony Curtis is again working in Lancaster's shadow. I wish he would get out from there because I suspect he is capable of more responsible work than his bad little boy routine.

TELEVISION

Anne W. Langman

NOBODY gives much thought to the business side of television. Intellectuals wring their hands over the mediocrity of the home screen diet, but even the most capable of them would rather sneak off to catch the Ed Sullivan show than try to figure out why things are the way they are. The easy dismissal—"Just good for selling soap"—is an evasion rather than a conclusion. It takes some searching inquiry to realize that what goes on in the business world of TV has a direct influence on what you see on your screen. I would be willing to bet $64,000 that there is hardly an upper middle-brow, much less a common viewer, who is aware of the business scandal at the heart of the most powerful medium of communications in the world. But there lies the answer to its ever-descending mediocrity.

Television is a business in which the networks have established a monopoly that is absolute beyond the dreams of steel magnate or motion picture czar. About a year ago this column reported that Congress—through its Senate Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee (chaired by Warren Magnuson) and its House Judiciary Committee (chaired by Emanuel Celler)—was investigating a charge of monopoly brought by Los Angeles station operator Richard Moore and others. The Federal Communications Commission had also started an investigation, and the Anti-trust Division of the Department of Justice was cocking an eye at the fast-growing electronic empires. In the months since, there have been some significant developments. The most widely publicized was the least important—the BMI-ASCAP war uncovered by the Celler committee. The networks magnanimously agreed that their virtual control of music on the air might have to be surrendered. An informed guess is that this would be a cheap price to pay for forgetting the more basic and painful recommendations in the committee's report of March, 1957.

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DIANE D'ANDRADE

came out a few weeks ago. It too finds the networks in a position of "overwhelming dominance," often not in the public interest. Cutting sharply through the intricacies of the industry, it shows that the networks dictate to station and advertiser alike. The station is dependent on the networks for national advertising money and for program service, the advertiser for national coverage. The Magnuson report concludes that the Federal Communications Commission and the Department of Justice should look into the matter "on a continuing basis" to eliminate the distortion in favor of the networks and to "open the entire industry up to freer more equal competition."

Judging by past history, it is doubtful that the FCC will accept the job. Ever since its inception some twenty years ago, the Commission has been a resting place for small-time politicos. Regulating the air waves in the public interest, which is their official charge, seems to be the last thing that they have been able to do. The Network Study which they undertook last year with a target date of June 30, 1957, has not yet been released. Perhaps in anticipation, FCC Chairman George C. McConnaughey resigned "due to personal considerations," writing the President that his term had been "a most delightful experience." By permitting network aggrandizement, the FCC has made it almost impossible for the Department of Justice to take any anti-trust action. But last fall the chance came when the FCC approved, without investigation, a lop-sided swap of stations made by RCA-NBC with the Westinghouse Broadcasting Company. In the first suit ever filed against a network under the anti-trust laws, the Department of Justice accused RCA-NBC of a conspiracy to restrain trade. The suit is now under way, and because the FCC did not investigate before approving the deal, there is a chance that the charge can be made to stick.

The deplorable state of television is not due to a lack of courage, as reported by Goodman Ace, or shortage of imaginative creativity as Carl Sandburg would have it. There's plenty of both around. It is due to the concentrated control of the networks, whose business interests dictate program policy. Here and there you see a spark of excitement—an occasional drama, an illuminating documentary study, thoroughly entertaining conversation. Such shows happen in spite of the situation, not because of it. But it is fortunate that they do happen, because these moments make us see the possible value of this new method of communication.

If mediocrity takes over the airwaves, it will be by default. Default of a befuddled FCC, a ponderous Department of Justice, a hesitant Congress and the millions of viewers who accept a wasteful use of the air they own.

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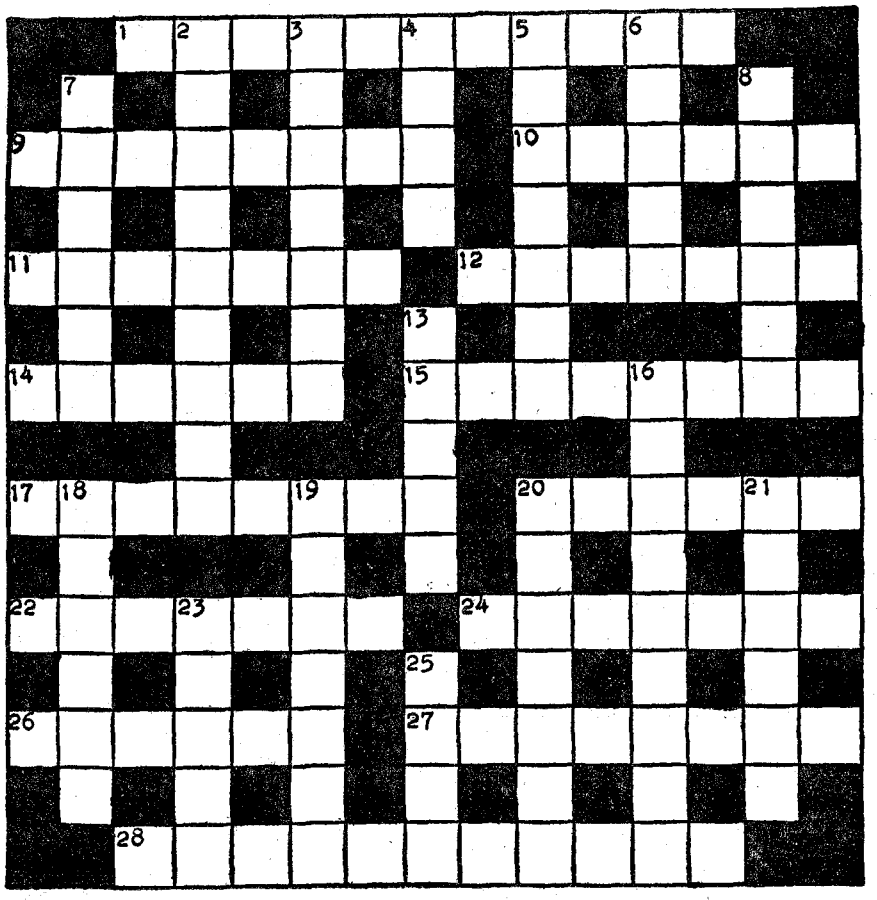
By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Pounds are to dollars, but it might be hard on top. (11)
9 Girl who seems to stipulate a 50-50 chance at faro, approximately. (8)
10 Proverbially, the wiser one might be. (6)
11 See 15
12 Sticks out of this, when sheared. (7)
14 Badger. (6)
15 and 11 You and I, for example. (8, 7)
17 Not thrown up with any display of spirit! (Feathers moulted, perhaps? (8)
20 What falls flat with a Nazi? The Earl of Leicester, of course! (6)
22, 4 down and 27 across Browning didn't mean to imply the cavalry rearguard should be bunched, (3, 4, 4, 8)
24 Bête noire. (7)
26 My tie's all crooked and the check is wrong. (6)
27 See 22 across
28 With a badly fitting suit, it never suggests office wear. (11)

DOWN:

2 Leek, relatively? (Possibly not for the original type!) (9)
3 In writing and/or printing, this gives you the right slant. (7)
4 See 22 across
5 One who might sell dope gets in before the radical is up to it. (7)
6 The home of the brave? (5)
7 Bore, perhaps, like an early president. (6)
8 More than one kind is not quite applicable to all. (6)
13 Obviously, to annoy a pet is wrong! (5)
16 Chips, perhaps, of painting? (3, 6)
18 With hope shattered, it is inside marble. (6)
19 Is the tea sure to be upset? You'll have to get strict! (7)
20 Medicine to secure in making coarse cloth. (7)
21 Not quite so deep as poetry. (6)
23 You might find the end of the problem on a tree. (5)
25 The sort of test used by those who don't want changes made. (4)

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